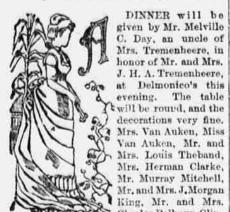
OUTLINES OF SOCIETY TALK.

MR. DAY TO GIVE A DINNER TO MR. AND MRS. TREMENHEERE.

A Private View of Some of the Numero Presents Sent to Miss Bessie Alexander. Who Will be Married To-Morrow-Three Thousand Invitations Sent Out-What People Talk About on Rainy Afternoons.



DINNER will be given by Mr. Melvillo C. Day, an uncle of J. H. A. Tremenheere, one at Delmonico's this Van Auken, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Theband,

King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelhoun Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. William V. M. Hoffman, Miss Hopkins, of Madison, N. J.; Mr. Tiers, Miss Clare Condert, Mr. Alexander Clay and Mr. Lindley Hofman Chapin will be the

guests.
Mr. Barnes, of Boston, and his bride, nec Morris, are at Colorado Springs.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Hoffman will give
a large luncheon party to-day at their home,
426 West Twenty-third street.

A private exhibition of wedding presents was given to her young friends yesterday afternoon by Miss Bessie Alexander, whose marriage will take place to-morrow. Among the most admired were the following: An enamelled clock, with side ornaments, from Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew; several pieces of very fine point lace from Mrs. William E. Eggleston; an antique brass clock from Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCook; Hungarian pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens: a point lace fan, with pearl sticks, 140 diamonds ton; an antique brass clock from Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCook; Hungarian pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens; a point lace fan, with pearl sticks, 140 diamonds in silver setting scattered over the lace, from her grandfather, Mr. C. Williamson; a silver lamp from Mr. and Mrs. William E. Strong; a silver clock from Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; an antique silver cake-basket of the, time of George II, from Mrs. Milbank; a silver service from her father, Mr. James W. Alexander; a set of silver spoons from Mrs. James L. Cabell; two silver candelabra from Mrs. William Alexander; a large silver dish from Dr. and Mrs. Markoe; a pair of old Sevres vases from George Campbell Cooper; a set of Dresden plates, all copies of well-known yietures, from the Misses Cooper; an antique Japanese bronze from Dr. Abbe, who will be the best man to-morrow; a set of dessert plates from Mrs. Carnochan; a pair of vases from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele; an antique silver box from Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; a full set of silver forks from Mr. Henry M. Alexander; a pair of gold dishes from Mrs. James M. Alexander; a Dresden snuffbox lined with gold, formerly owned by King Ludwig of Bavaria, from Mrs. Henry Draper; a coffee set from Mrs. Charles M. Cooper; a silver manicure set from Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Charles E. Green; antique silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green; antique silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green; antique silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green; antique silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Lambert; silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Pance George Wood; a diamond pin from Mrs. May Palmer; a set of silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rhoades; a silver and gold bowl from Dr. and Mrs. P. Morgan, a pair of candlesticks from Mr. Robert Olyphant, and from Mrs. H. A. Pell; a cut-glass pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. P. Morgan, a pair of candlesticks from Mr. George E. Wood; some silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pell; a cut-glass pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pell; a cut-glass pitcher from Mr. and

tions sent out for to-morrow.

The marriage of Mr. James H. Mannigan and Miss Florence E. Everall will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Everall, No. 69 Irving place. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's, will officiate. Miss Milly Thompson will be the maid of honor. Miss Edith Miller and Miss Maud Miller, two little girls, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. D. Mannigan, a brother of the groom, will be the best man. Messrs. N. L. Archer, R. P. Livermore. George H. Everall, ir., and A. Livermore, George H. Eve Gilford will be the ushers. George H. Everall, ir., and A.

"BREAK THE MACHINE!!"

Is there then nothing left to the people, to the mass of voters, besides either running with the machine or abrogating all their rights and duties as citizens? Yes, there is something left to the mass of the party-it is the veto power, and the veto power only. They can discharge the leaders and BREAK THE MACHINE-THEY CAN CHOOSE NEW LEADERS AND CONSTRUCT A NEW MACHINE, This in a properly organized party is their right, and it is the possession of this right and the performance of this duty which keep the machine in proper order and the leaders in accord with and in subordination to the will of the people. - MAYOR HEWITT IN HIS COOPER UNION SPEECH, DEC.

Another Exposure in High Life.

[From the Columbia Special Little Tommy—Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the toothache 'atead of Bridget?

Mrs. Blueblood—Why, my son?
Little Tommy—'Cause you could take your teeth

FAITHLESS.

SHELL FRUIT OF THE SEASON.

The Value of Hickory Nuts Affected 10 Per Cent. by Esthetle Courses.



scattering of their elders, may be seen wherever there is a wood, throwing sticks wood, throwing sticks and stones at the trees to bring the nuts pattering down on the dry leaves. The two varieties of shell fruit

eties of shell fruit Mrs. Tremenheere, in produced in the northern part of the United honor of Mr. and Mrs. States which have the chief commercial importance are the chestnut and the hickory.

The chestnut, roasted or boiled, comes as evening. The table will be round, and the street corners differs from the sort which grows in the newspapers, theatres and clubs. One can be swallowed and the other can't. evening. The table the birds go, and the variety sold on the

The hickory nut is not a theme provocative of thought. As a New England feature it is frequently found in combination with a flatof thought. As a New England feature it is frequently found in combination with a flatiron, a hammer and a spinster with a battered thumb. But the hickory nut in this combine is not conducive to perfect patience. The hammer will slip and crack the thumb, and not the nut. Then patience spreads its wings and flies.

There are several kinds of hickory—the shellbark, the hickory proper and the pignut. The shell is whiter, easily broken and cracks so as to let the meat fall out in halves. The shells of the pignut can resist a pretty strong blow with a hammer.

The country people earn an honest penny by selling hickory nuts. They are much in demand at Christmas time for making nutcandy. The nut is oily when fresh, but sweeter as it gets a hittle older.

This year they are low. Shellbarks bring from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a bushel and the harder shells from \$1.50 to \$2. Last year they would have brought \$1 a bushel more.

It may seem strange that a question of esthetics should affect the value of hickory nuts. But the whiter shelled variety bring 10 per cent, more than the discolored ones.

The venders sell hickory nuts for 10 cents

10 per cent, more than the discolored ones. The yenders sell hickory nuts for 10 cents a quart, cracked. The meats alone are some-times sold, and they cost more. Each vender has a Japanese nut-cracker on his stand and does his own cracking. The nut is longer one way than any other, and it is cracked lengthwise, as it breaks more easily in this

way the meat comes out better.

Yennsylvania is one of the best States for hickories. New York and Ohio also produce them in abundance.

USING THE FULL NAME.

Changes Made in Visiting Cards for the Sake of Rythm.

"It is regarded as the correct thing nowadays," said an engraver to an Evening World reporter recently, "for gentlemen to have their full names engraved on their visiting cards. This statement, however, is not to be accepted without some qualification. It is not to be advised when a person's middle name is a Christian name, for two names like John Charles, or William Henry coming together do not make an agreeable combina-tion. Whan, however the middle name is a tion. Whan, however the middle name is a family name, like that of the mother, it is always preferable to use it. It not only fills out the signature and makes it more symmetrical, but it is very useful as a means of information to a person's friends. I am engraving almost all my visiting cards in this

graving almost all my visiting cards in this style this season.

"I have sometimes very amusing experiences with customers," he continued. "A man will come in and look over my book for styles, and then fishing out a name that is long and symmetrical, says; "I want mine just like that." when perhaps his name has only three or four letters in it. You cannot make much out of such short names, and the only thing I can do is to try them on a signature. If they can write a good one they can usually fill up the space in such a way that the general effect is much better than where the letters are engraved according to rule and measurement."

SUNC BY LABOR LEADERS.

William McCabe is fond of "The Old Sex-

John Mahony sings " When I Was a Little

German. Louis F. Post likes "John Brown" but

Patrick Doody sings "The Bowld Soge B'y," and plays the bags. George Trause warbles occasionally. "Dot Goot Lager Peer" is his weakness.

"Billy" Price tackles "Would I Were Boy Again," and a few operatic airs. "Doe" McCarthy dotes on the "Rocky Road to Dublin" and "Paddy Miles's B'y."

Fred Leubuscher is a good baritone, and has a new campaign song, the Bench."

Will McLaughlin and Frank Cahill sing lucts. "Let Her Go, Gallagher" is their latest song.

Gaybert Barnes sings while he works, and vice versa. "We'll Vote for Henry George" vice versa. "We'll Vote for Henry George" is his weakness.

Hugh Whoriskey tickles his fellow "chips" with singing: "Is this Mr. Riley, that Kapes the Hotel."

Charles Price can move organized labor to tears singing "The Missus Had Her Eye Upon the Rabbit Poy." John J. Bealin takes the bakery by storm when he warbles Irish songs, " There, Moriarity" is his best effort.

"Tom" Jackson has a voice that comes nearer the contralto than the baritone. "There's a Sigh in the Heart" and "O How Fair" will melt the listener to tears when he sings them seriously.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

TALK OF PRESENTING CHARGES AGAINST PRESIDENT STORM.

The Pastime Athletic Club to Get Up Foot ball and Cross-Country Teams-Carter's Chances of Acquittal Said to be Good-The Nassau Athletic Club's Membership-Dempsey's Fighting Weight 140 Pounds.



RUMOR is afoat that Walton Storm, the President of the National Association of Athletes, will be proceeded against by a delegate to that association for countenaucing a mixed meeting. A mixed meeting is defined as one at which amateurs and professionals contest.

though not necessarily against each other The first of the Manhattan Athletic Club's series of winter entertainments is the meeting specified. E. C. Carter, the champion cross-country runner. and Davy Roach went over the course marked out for the New York Athletic

Club's five-mile cross-country championship run on election day this morning. The Suburban Harriers, Carter's club, will have a training race over this splendid course, in the valley at the foot of Fort George, on Saturday afternoon. The start will be at 4 o'clock, and a fine chance is afforded any who want to learn the ground.

The Pastime Athletic Club is to get up football and cross-country teams. It wouldn't be healthy for Charley Coster to practice slugging on the grounds by the East River. . . .

A prominent amateur said yesterday : "It's a dead certainty E. C. Carter will be vindicated by a vote of 7 to 1. If the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain wants to try the great five-miler it will write to the American National Association for a report of the evidence, and not take it hearsay from any individual."

The Prospect Harriers, of Brooklyn, who have just moved into their new headquarters on the Prospect Park plaza, are to have a grand cross-country run on Election Day.

New members are coming to the Nassau Athletic Club every day. Eighteen men were elected at the meeting last week. The new club-house of this association is to be formally opened shortly. The Nassaus will hold the context of the same on Theaksity. some grand burlesque games on Thanksgiving Day, open to all amateurs, at which no entrance will be charged. Entries close Nov. 22 at Washington Park. The ownership of the Schoeneck Medal, which its donor, 'Pop," promises will be something fine, will probably go over to next season.

The Governing Committee of the New York Athletic Club meet to-night,

People who think they know all about People who think they know all about fighters suppose Jack Dempsey to be a big middleweight. He was down to 140 pounds stripped, last week, and says he can fight there and be strong, but would just as soon take no chances and call it 145 pounds. Dempsey says McAuliffe can fight at 128 pounds—the same weight Carney fights at when in England. when in England.

Joe Ellingsworth has been as big as 190 sounds it is said, since he got well. Joe was Joe Ellingsworth has been as big as 190 pounds, it is said, since he got well. Joe was at the Hoboken Casino last Saturday night and saw the Marine knock out Bill Dunne. Ellingsworth looks big and strong enough to eat Dempsey, whom he is to face in a four-round bout at Hoboken on Friday night.

Billy Edwards says the battle between Carney and McAuliffe will tell which is the bet John Mahony sings "When I Was a Little ter in fighting or out-fighting. Carney is a great in fighting or out-fighting. Carney is a great in fighter and Jack will have to be at him off to win.

> Dr. J. Carroll Daly, the champion weight-thrower of the United Kingdom of Nenagh, Ireland, is coming to this country in Febru-ary. The Doctor is a larger man than W. J. ary. The Doctor is a mile.
> M. Barry, with whom he was a
> Christ College.

Frank Hearld proposes to re-enter the prize-ring this winter. He will seek a match prize-ring this winter. He with Dominick McCaffrey.

RICH CO WNS AT MRS. POTTER'S DEBUT Bright red bonnets dotted the parquet like

A costume that attracted much attention was a steel-colored silk and pale blue bonnet in the front row of the first gallery. A quiet but very stylish toilet was in a dark cloth, covered with small silvet beads, sur-mounted by raven hair and a white lace bon-

A handsome opera cloak of dark green velvet, trimmed with swan's down, was effectively displayed in a front orchestra seat to

the left row of boxes. One of the most unpretentions dresses was worn by a lady who sat at the extreme left of the house. It was of yellow Indian silk, extremely draped, but without any trim-

In the fifth row from the orchestra was a lady in black velvet, short sleeves, and tan-colored mousquetaire gloves that nearly

reached the shoulders. Her diamonds were

In the balcony upstairs about four rows | Curlous Titles and Suggestive Combinations from the front sata young woman gorgeously clad in white silk, so devollete that the dress was evidently destined for the Metropolitan

Opera-House.

A wonderfully pretty blonde, three or four sents from the rear, had red hair that clustered about her head in little curls, wore a dove-colored suit and a velvet hat. Her solitaire diamonds were superb.

Two ladies on the right of the parquet had striking toilettes. One wore a rich yellow skirt with lace and a black bodice. The other had on a pale brown China silk and a large corsage bouquet of La France roses.

Next to Mrs. Potter's costume in the third act, the dress that won most admiration from the ladies in the audience was a white silk worn by a lady in the parquet. It was beautifully "set off" by a swan's down A girl who sat near the middle aisle was en-

veloped in a handsome white velvet cloak trimmed with white fur, and spangled with sliver. This she threw off, but in such a that the rich quilted satin lining could be seen. A buxom young woman who sat in one of the last rows of the orchestra chairs, wore beneath a dainty French gray velvet tique, a crisply curled wig of an auburn, Mary Queen of Scots tint. Every curl was arranged with precision.

DINNER FOR FOUR FOR ONE DOLLAR. Contributed Daily to "The Evening World"

by the Aster House Steward. Oyster Soup, Roast Lamb, Mashed Potatoes, Lima Beans. Corn Fritters. Squash Pic. Cheese. Macaroons. Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Daluties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterbone stask, 25c, white perch, 15c.
Sirden steak, 18 to 29c.
Lam tehops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb though riers, 14 to 15c.
Sweethreasts, 25c.
Lamb chops, 25c.
Lamb chops

Answers to Corrrespondents. L. W. R. -Senator Payne, of Ohio, succeeded tor Pendleton

J. E. V.—We do not know of any "agency for the collection of wagers." There may be one, but it does not advertise itself. R. R. —The limits of the city of New York are the East and Bronx rivers, the Hudsen River and the boundary line of Yonkers.

 S.—If you wish the number of votes cast for the many candidates for President you should send a post-paid and directed envelope. R. M.—The costs in a civil suit are always selzed upon and "conveyed" by the winning lawyer, without any reference as to whether the case was

taken on speculation or not. L. M.—The law permitting a man to have two wives or a woman to have two husbands reads as follows: "SEC. 6. If any person whose husband or wite shall have absented himself or nerself for the space of five successive years, without being snown to such person to be living at such time, shall marry during the lifetime of such absent husband or wife, the marriage shall be void only from the time that its nullity shall be pronounced by a court of competent authority." A motion to declare such a marriage void can come only from the innocent third party. The marriage is legal while it lasts and the children inherit. (Bowers vs. Bowers, 9 N. Y. L. O., 146.) The innocent third party would be very unwise to have it set aside, and as no other person can, in all such marriages where the missing person afterwards "turns up," the man has two lawful wives, whom he must support, or the woman has two lawful husbands. Public sentiment prefers having a man live with two lawful wives or a woman with two lawful husbands to granting a divorce. The law permitting a man to have two

Raised His Weight.

[From the Cincinnatt Telegram.] "Hello, John, you look quite happy!"

"Well, I have cause to be happy. I was married the police force. "

Your wife got you on? Why, you were ten pounds below the standard weight when the surgeons rejected you, and you are no heavier now." ' I know it, but three days after being married I ate two of my wife's first biscuit, went before the surgeons again and tipped the scales at the stand-ard weight."

No Danger. [From the Gmaha World.] Physician—Patrick, don't you know better than have your pig-pen so close to the house? Patrick-An' phy shud of not, sor ?

"He away wid yer nonsinse. Sure the plg has niver been sick a day in his loif."

____ Needed Pienty of Room.

(From the Chicago Herald,)
Jay Gould has taken six staterooms on the Umria-one for himself and five for his pocket-book.

In the morning don't take it, just take a wineglassful of Riker's Calisaya Tonie, which will "brace you up" far better at ones—better still, the "brace" will last don't try it, and see how much better you'd teach taight than if you'd taken that cocktail and got as "full as a gost," and spent twenty or thirty dollars. Soid almost everywisre.

Pint bottles (10 wineglassfuls), 75 cents. Don't take anything but Riker's and you are sure of perfect antisfaction. W. B. RIKER & SON, Sele Manufacturers, \$53.6th ave. N. Y. . *

Again that signal of distress, sounding like the muffled beat of a distant drum on a stormy battlefield, came echoing on land-

ss, clinging on her husband's arm, she climbed the cliff, "Can no help be afforded

"None at all," her husband answered. "It would be certain death to venture out in such

Mand vivian stood there while the wind howled and shricked in the stunted pines upon the cliffs, and thought of what had taken place there on an autumn afternoon three years before. There, on that very cliff, she had said good-bye to Basil Wayne, and promised to be true and faithful to him, and now she stood there as John Vivian's wife.

Ab, well! So went the world! She had Ah, well! So went the world! She had meant to be true and faithful. She had loved him, but she believed now that she had made the discovery that love isn't all there is to live for in life. Wealth and position go a great way in making existence what we imagine it ought to be.

She had answered Basil Wayne's letters ragularly at first. She liked to get his letters, because they told her how he dreamed of her and how he loved her; and it is pleasant for

NAMES ALONG BROADWAY.

Mrs. Laugtry's House New Distinguished Found on Sigur-



HERE are many queer things to be seen along Broadway, but to the stranger's eye nothing is much queerer than some of the names on the signs. No name is strange to its owner, but to those who see them for the first time these names, all disTHE FENCE IS WHITE.

from Its Neighbors.

It was high noon. A lady of the rarest

loveliness was sitting opposite a hard-boiled

grapevine over an arbor.
"What is your favorite color?" came in languarous tones from the ruby lips, as she riveted the youth with a pair of lustrous

lady's bair and kindled it to a mass of ruddy

part of the dress does the fence go on?" asked the youth.
"The fence is to be worn where it always

has been -in the front yard. But it shan't b

FAVORITE ANIMALS IN THE PARK.

Wild Benst Line.

"Which is your favorite animal?" asked

an Evenino World reporter to a bright-eyed

human evolutions of the chimpanzee in Cen-

"I don't know," he answered, with a blush.

'But I think elephants I like to watch the

best. I like lions, too; they look so strong and noble."

The next one to be interrogated by the re-porter was a little girl about eight years old. Oh, I prefer snakes to anything. It makes

my heart jump to see them wiggle around and run out their black tongues. But they are so graceful and some of them, I think,

Elephanis

nakes....

His Favorite Satire.

He was a grocery clerk and as he seemed rather

an income of \$5,000 a year from his business. He

spends \$2,000 for your mamma's clothes, \$50 for

his own clothing, and \$1,000 for miscellaneous ex-penses. How much will he have at the end of the year.
Johnny (after mature deliberation)—'Leven thou-

sand dollars.
Teacher—Eleven thousand dollars! You don't

eem to know your arithmetic.

Johnny-Well, I know pop. He's a naiderman,

Where He Failed.

1From the Nebraska State Journal, 1 He could write a charming sonnet on a lady's hair or bonnet. He could sing a song at even to the music of his

He could sing a song at even to the music of his isse.

But the news was widely carried when at last our hero married.

That he wouldn't rise at morning to build up the kitchen lire.

When All Else Falled.

tral Park recently.

sapphire eyes.

The young man gazed ardently on the tender, appealing. Brace-up-and-don't-give-me-tafly!" expression of those limpid orbs, and pressed his lips together to frame an answer. Just then a beam of sunshine ricochetted from the front yard onto the played on Broadway, seem a little odd-Godhelp, Manlove, Heavenrich, Goodkind, And how shall an American pronounce this: Xianes.

If Dickens had taken the directory and used it as a mine wherein to find cognomens for his characters, he would probably have chosen some of the following: Rorer, Popwould make a fair start for "blue." He called the word in and gasped "red." "You mean bronze," said the fair creature kin, Mooney and Pings. On the signs of one block it is proclaimed in glaring letters that Marx Held and Sullivan Drew. Those versed You mean bronze," said the fair creature calmit. "Bronze is not a color. It is a hue."

"Whew," returned the youth.

"I've been thinking for quarter of an hour," said the lady.

"Good heavens! never do it again," exin the rudiments of poker (a game played by statesmen) might instinctively inquire what Marx "held," and whether or not Sullivan "filled" when he "drew," but the signs "Good heavens! never do it again," ex-claimed the young man, excitedly. "It will give you wrinkles."

The lady shuddered. "I have settled it. The fence and the trimmings shall be white— like the calyx of some shy, shrinking lily."

"Shy, shrinking lily is good. But what part of the dress does the fence go on?"
asked the youth.

"filled" when he "drew," but the signs make no response.

Not divine music but prosaic business is connected on the great trade mart with the names of Schumann, Mendelssehn and Gottschalk. Not literature but trade is advertised by Auerbach and Richter.

Does Stark by supplying clothing offer a suggestion of a paradox? and do not Present & Co. give their seekers hone that the firm is "at home?" Just Bros. surely invite confidence, while Gambling may produce an effect as contrary as it is unjust.

The Jersey rustic feels almost reconciled to stony Broadway when he perceives that

has been—in the front yard. But it shan't be that mean, nasty green."

The flat went forth the next day and the fron inclosure of 36! West Twenty-third street is now as white as a vestal's thoughts. Mrs. Langtry's fence is painted white. Also the pavement on the walk is cemented and in two little patches of sward are to be of an imported asphalt that will not offer such attractions to the neighboring cats. to stony Broadway when he perceives that Korn and Grass are ready for the Sickle. One sign bears the legend Cahn and another Kant, while a third appears to have Gotthold and a fourth indulges in a Schneer.

A GIRL EASY TO SUIT.

She Would Take Phil's Partrait it it Looked What Little Folks Prefer in the Bird and Like Another Man.



PICTURE of a handsome young man is stowed away in a neg- little fellow who was watching the grotesquely lected corner of a portrait painters's studio uptown. The artist was asked whom it belonged to. "Just

that picture from the young lady to whom the original was betrothed. As there was apparently no hurry about the work, I suggested that it should be done at my leisure while abroad. This being agreed upon, I had no further communication with the parties until my return a year and a half

arries until my return a year and a had later.

"When I called upon the lady and in-formed her that the picture was ready she seemed slightly embarrassed, but promised to call at the studio and see it. A few days later she came, and, after gazing silently at the canvas for some time, she sighed and said.

are so graceful and some of them, I think, are very pretty."

"Aren't you afraid of being charmed?"

"Oh, my sakes, no."

Bowing to this diminutive Elsie Venner, the reporter advanced towards another little girl, somewhat older than the first one.

"I like birds best," she said, "those from far-off countries, that have beautiful plamage. How I would like to have some of their feathers on my hats. They would make all my friends mad as hops."

"I used to like bears the best. But Uncle Ralph nearly got killed by one last summer in the Catskills and now I detest them. I like camels because they look so meek and patient. Our minister has been where they use camels the same as we do horses. He lectures about it every little while and talks Poor Phil! he's dead and gone!" Then, with a sudden look of relief and in-spiration, she added: "But I think if you could change the exuse camels the same as we do horses. He lectures about it every little while and talks about the Arabs he saw in Africa where he pression slightly and alter the mouth it would be a good likeness of Mr. C—, the gentleman I am now engaged to!"

was a missionary."
About fifty other little folks, male end female, where asked to name their favorite animal, with this result: I kept the picture, as you see. To have allowed that cold-blooded, heartless woman allowed that cold-blooded, rearliess woman to take possession of it would have seemed an insult to the dead man's memory. So there it always hangs, a sort of illustration of poor, old Rip's words: "How soon we are forgot!"

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS.

Burr Nichols has something new at his wife's studio in the Sherwood Building. It is a nice little daughter. Rehn has a fine marine which will soon be exhibited, and may be entered for a prize competition. It is "The Home of the Sea-Gulls."

Henry Ferguson has several new canvases in his studio. One is for a prominent Phila-delphian. It is a girl at a well, and the coloring suggests R

William Hart has a new picture of the old familiar cow, the stretch of placid water and the thin, vapory sky. Once or twice a year he diverges into more strength.

he diverges into more strength.

William Chase's studio is one of the handsomest in town. It was the old exhibition gallery of the Tenth street studio building. It is crammed with the choicest bric-a-brac.

Blakelock's studio is us bleak as a barn. But the pictures are not bleak. He has a stunningly good moonlight, full of atmosphere and wonderfully harmonious. Also a sunset, with an Indian wigwam in the foreground, is full of warm, subtle tones.

Attractions at the Theatres.

"In ilis Power," at Poole's Theatre, proved to

be an attraction.

"Hearts of Oak," with James A. Herne, at the Third Avenue Theatre drew a crowded house.

"A Bunch of Keys" made the Grand Opera-House audience roar last night. There is plenty of horseplay in the piece, but there is also a great deal of genuine humor.

deal of genuine humor.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" and "Lend Me Pive Shillings" were presented by Joseph Jefferson at the Star Theatre hast night. His Caleb Plummer is too well knewn and respected in this city to need any explanation.

E. H. Sothern opened with "The Highest Bidder" in Washington last night to a large anothere. District Messenger 1. 272, who travels with Sothern, delivered one of "The Highest Bidder" souvenits to President Cleveland at the White House in the afternoon.

and regret for what she had lost, steal in upon her hours of loneliness.

Something of this was in her mind as she stood there and watched the sea.

"See! see!" cried the old sailor, pointing out above the gloom of the waters. "The ship's gone to pieces! It has struck the recks." cision among the sailors and fishermen. Then they clambered down the rocks to the beach, and began an anxious walk up and down the

shore.

her way through the group of men to where the half-drowned man was lying in the shel-ter of a jutting rock.

"Busil'—my heavens!" she cried, as the men fell back before her and she caught

Nervous Exhaustion.

NERVOUS and physical enhanction is what alls most people who are sick. They are weak, exhausted, and wake each merning as tired and unrefreshed as when they go to bed; they have no appetite, no strength, they have no appetite, it is the beauty almost a local less. Irritable. loveliness was sitting opposite a hard-botted egg and a young man whose beauty was not rare, but too well done, if anything.

Her hair was a ravishing chestnut, Nobody could object to this chestnut, though the lady cut it short some months ago, and it clustered around her alabaster brow like a cranevine over an arbor.

when they go to bed; they have no appetite, no strongth, and no life or ambition; they become sleepless, irritable, cross, blus and discouraged; in some cases there are pains and sches, and there is often indigestion, dall head and general dispirited feeling. For these symptoms of its wonderful effects. It is nature's true tonic for the system, renewing and building up nerve tores, and respectively and strongth to the weaterned. of its wonderful effects. It is nature's true tonic for the system, renewing and building up merre force, and restoring tone, vitality and strength to the weakened nerves. It is purely vegatable and harmless, and under its use all nervousness disappears, the samily excited brain and nerves become tranquil and steady, all feeling of irritability, languar or prostration, all sensations of excited and the sense of the se reatlessness, slowplessness, weakness or exhaustion are permanently removed and perfect health and strength restored. Do not fail to use Dr. Greene's Nervura Nervo Ponte it you wish to be cured,

Tonic it you wish to be cured,

Had it not been for Dr. Greens's Nervura Nerve Toulo
I should now be in my grave, for I had become so weak
I had hardly attend to a stand to my affairs. Its effects
are simply wonderful. When weak, fired and prostrated
this remedy calms the nervous system and produces now
strength and vigor.

Clipper Office, Centrest, New York. gold.

The young man had got no further than

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Dr. Greene, who is the most skilful and successful physician in the cure of nervous and chronic disease, may be on-united free, personally or by latter, at home, its way to be successful to the property of the book. The book of the bo

AMUSEMENTS.

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Less few nights of engagements of
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To-night, also Wednesday and Saturday natines.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,
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LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS,
Thursday and Friday Nights,
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14 TH STREET THEATRE, COR, 6TH AVE.
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Second week of
in Bronson Howard's and David Science's new play.
A great stage portraiture. A panomore of home low.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 30c., 20c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.5.

As a grown of table in the Snyderry parameter attempted to engage him in a conversation.

'Have you read much. Mr. Herron ?"
'Why, yes, a good deal."
'Yes, they you found of sattrical writings?"
'Yes, they go pretty good."
'What do you think of Pope's 'Dunctad' and Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?"
'Oh, they are all right, but I don't think they compare with the roasis the baking-powder compares w

Casino, Broadway and 29TH ST.
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The speckling Comic Opera
THE MARQUIS
Received with rears of laughter.

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10c., 20c., 30c., Matinise Monday, Wed., SA.
WALLACK'S THEATRE GREAT DRAMA,
1N HIS POWER,
with original scenory and effects.

He thought her true to him, and she was so false to him and to herself!

"Kiss me, Maud. Fm going, I think,"

She glanced at her husband. He motioned for her to gratify the man's wish. She bent down and kissed him once and again, her tears falling on his face.

"Good-by," he whispered. "You'll be true, I know, and over there—over there

The words faltered on his lips, his hands futtered a moment and then were still. He

was dead.

He had died believing her true to him, and it was better so—better so! Over there it will all be made right, I think.

[Frum Wide Atrabe.] "Oh, dear," said Father Brown, one day,
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay
And all my crops together."
His little daughter oitmed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she,

"Well, what should I be thankful for ?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double;
I've nothing left ""Why, you've get

mel marjorie, upon his knos.

only the bare hull is left; but I doubt if that stands this tearing gale till morning."
"We can do nothing for the crew," the other sailor said. "A boat conldn't live a minute in such a sea as this. It would be swamped a rod from shore. We can do nothing but wait. Perhaps we may be able to render some assistance if the ship should go to pieces."

Bound beam.

ward.
"Poor souls, I pity them," a woman said,

a gale."
Maud Vivian stood there while the wind

with mist and sprsy.

"Aye, aye," answered his companion. "It will be rough for any vessel trying to make

a woman to know that some one loves her. Living there in that quiet little fishing town, she had never had much love given her, and Basil Wayne's was very welcome, very pleasant; and Basil was so much above the other men, she knew that his love was all the pleasanter. There was semething about him, coming as he did from the great outside world of which she knew so little, which elevated him in her opinion and made his affection for her grand and sweet. So she thought at first; but absence dimmed the ferver of her first; but absence dimmed the fervor of he love, if it did not Basil's, and after Joh

she knew that life with him would have held much more in it of pure happiness than gold could ever buy her. I do not know that I can make you see this woman as I see her—a woman recreant to her promises, yet loving Wayne as well as she could love any man; and yet, after all, a woman not capable of loving with much depth or intensity. Not a woman to die for love by any means; and yet a woman who, despite all her fickleness and weakness, would sometimes feel a haunting thought of remorse for what she had done,

There was a moment of silence and inde

men fell back before her and she caught sight of his white face.

At the sound of his name and of her voice, the one voice in the world to him, Basil Wayne opened his eyes and saw her standing there before him.

"Maud!" he whispered, faintly. "Is it sou, or am I dreaming? I never thought to see you again. It will be easier to die now."

She went and knelt down beside him, and lifted his head upon her knee.

"I am dying," he said, in a weak, tired way. "But I sha'n't dread it much with you beside me. I'm sorry to go away and leave you; but I know you'll be true to me, for

NEW YORK, March 31, 1887. After many so-called remedies had taking to be a five of a very sets and inflamed throat, with loss of velce, I of a very sets and inflamed throat, with loss of velce, I tried a built of your Experiences's and an very glad to say that long before I had taken the contents thereof I was a EXTHELY TUBER. Please send O. O. D. three bettless EXTHELY TUBER. Please send O. O. D. three bettless for the pour "RIKER'S COMPOUND SARSAFARILLA" and oblige, Mrs. ELLEN TROST, 1229 10th ave. called remedies had failed to cure me TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. GOOD RESERVED Matiness Tuesday and Friday.
TONY PASTOR HOME.
LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY
and a full grand company.

you love me, Maud, and you'll be mine just the same when I am dead."

His words cut her to the heart like a knife. He thought her true to him, and she was so

Marjorie.

** But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
''Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember "
''Why, then, 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little girl upon his knee.

She came up the recky pathway, with the

fore he could return.

fore he could return.

The flutter of a scarlet shawl down the shore aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"She is coming." he said, and a tender light broke over his face; and he sang, in a voice made rich and sweet with the love which found utterance in it:

My dust would hear her and beat, Had I isin for a century dead; Would start and blossom under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.

ocean stretchen had out, weird, vast, illimitable. The waves sparkled in the soft vac upon the beach in sub-

Basil Wayne was " sunning his wings" that afternoon. At nightfall he must take his flight to another land, and years go by be-

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread.
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed.
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I isin for a contory dead.

and watched the scene ing and going heart, like the white

ASIL WAYNE sat

down upon the cliffs,

himitable. The waves sparkled in the soft September sunlight, addifferent light than it had ever worn for and broke lazily in dued murmurs.

love another woman."

"Don't forget that," she said, archly,
"You men call us women false and fickle,
but I doubt if your record would be fairer in
that respect if we knew the truth about you,"
"Bome men are false, I know," he sn"The signal gun," an old sailor said, straining his eyes through the mist and vapor in

light breeze blowing her hair all about her fair face; a woman with bewilderingly blue eyes and dainty lips, and cheeks like the hearts of wild roses. "Were you singing that for me, Basil?" she asked, coming up to him, and putting her before him, with very tender thoughts coming and going in his.

hand in his.

"All for you, Maud," he answered, holding her hand close. "All for you, darling."

"It is pleasant to think that there is some

ing and going in his heart, like the white heart h

him before, and was happy.
"I cannot persuade myself that I have come there to say good-by to you," she said.
"We have been so happy this brief, sweet summer! The days have gone by so swiftly that I have not taken note of their flight; and it seems like a dream when I think that you are going away, and years—three such long and lonesome years, must elapse before we shall meet again. I shall miss you so,

Basil."

"Not more than I shall miss you," he answered. "Men may not love with more constancy than women, but I think they do with more intensity. At least, a person of my nature, who can love but once in a lifetime. For me in all the world there can be but one Maud. Loying her, I could never love another woman."

"A terrible "A terrible with mist and with mist an

swered, "but I can never be. That you may believe, come what may. Always trust me, Maud. I know that you will always be true to me, darling, and in death or life I shall be faithful to the only women I have ever local."

the direction from which the sound had come.

"I see the ship," cried another, pointing out to sea. "Herrigging is all cut away, and only the bare hull is left; but I doubt if that And so they sat together on the cliffs and talked, while the sun sank lower and lower adown the bazy western sky.

And at the sunset time they kissed good-

bye and parted—he to go beyond the sea and she to wait for his coming back and count the long, slow days that must clapse before he came again.
So she told him and so he believed. And he was not the first man who believed woman's words and he will not be the last.

A black, angry sky. Great masses of clouds

.

skurrying across the scene, with vivid flashes of lightning darting through them and lighting them up luridly, and making a wild, weird effect, which a painter would have given the world to put upon canvas. The wind blew in great gusts from the sea and howled among the rocks in mad merriment. The waters were lashed against the shore in white clouds of spray and dashed themselves up the cliffs in the vain effort to reach the top where men were watching the storm with anxious glances.
"A terrible gale," one old fisherman said to another, as he shiwered in the cold, searching wind, which drove in landward, laden

Boom, boom! Men shuddered and looked at each other

love, if it did not Basil's, and after John Vivian came and began his wooing, her letters to her absent lover grew fewer and shorter; and by and by, when John Vivian asked her to be his wife and she consented, they stopped wholly.

She knew that she did not care for the man whose wife she hecame. She never could give him more than respect; but he had wealth, and wealth can blind us to duty and truth and make us cheat ourselves into

had wealth, and wealth can blind us to duty and truth and make us cheat ourselves into believing a lie. For, though absence dimmed the glow of her love for Basil Wayne, it did not kill it; and she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one, when she spoke the words which made her the wife of another, though she tried to believe that what she had called love was a sort of very ardent friendship.

But a year of married life had removed that delusion, and as the time drew nearer when Rasil was to come back from beyond the sea, she knew that life with him would have held much more in it of pure happiness than gold

shore.

By and by a cry told that something had rewarded their watching. Peering down through the spray, Maud Vivian saw two men bearing a body between them.

"Lei's go down," she said to her husband.

"We may be able to help them."

They mais their way down the cliff, and found a little crowd already collected about the body. A fisherman held a flask of hrandy to the man's lips. Presently a faint sigh escaped them, and signs of consciousness came back to his face.

"Let me see him," Maud said, and made her way through the group of men to where